

STEAMER DAY ON THE WHARF

Beauty and Her Baggage—The Too Honest Homecoming.

The scene at the wharf of the landing of a big liner is what might be called a scene of confusion. The first feeling of the onlooker is one of surprise and wonder as to how it is possible to get such a tangled mass of people and baggage into the picture. The picture reveals itself as a panorama of human interest where everything has its place and every one his duty.

On a Saturday, when the New York of the American Line docked, 150 passengers stepped from the gangplank with the look of home at last on the majority of faces and of curious interest on those of the visitors. In less than two hours the bag-

gage is properly marked he will find it in the right place.

The next question is to find an inspector. If a man is in this position, there will be found a man who is not only a man of business, but a man of business. The inspector has a look for the family in the trunk, and the family of the family has much better follow the example of one in memory, who sat on the pyramid of trunks and bundles while pretty daughter laid a cooing hand on a blue coat and dragged the owner away from a bottom, black satin person.

There was that in the black satin person's face which told that it was not the first time she had suffered from unfavorable comparison, and so she sits philosophically on a huge straw arrangement.

Patience is the watchword of the crowd. There is little of the hot-headed controversy that marks the midsummer landing, when a couple of hours on the dock is a martyrdom. At this time of year pleasant meetings of friends, good natured exchange of visiting cards, and the exchange of the rule. Just as June is the ideal sailing time, so, all things considered, the last

him, an opened trunk between showing a matter of half worn, more clothes, two with signs of a substantial make and previous use, which suggest a present to wife and a few inconspicuous gifts.

"But you have declared two hundred dollars worth," retorts the official.

"I did not want to cheat," states emphatically the visitor.

various suit cases, steamer trunks and hampers simply covered with labels. "There is nothing that is given away the fact that a person has never been out once in these labels. The experienced traveler gets as much as a lesson when he finds his trunk covered with them, but the new traveler, he fairly sits on them for fear they won't stick fast enough."



THE LITTLE FRENCH TRUNK.

"But, don't you see, and there is a labelable attempt at patience, 'that you have not got fifty dollars worth, and you are allowed to bring in one hundred dollars worth'."

The victim has a weepy look about his red rimmed eyes. "I can't make it any more. I did not want to cheat."

The inspector slams down the trunk lid and pastes the label with an air of injured dignity. It's bad enough to be dishonest, but it's foolish to be too honest.

"Often happens," he explains. "Some people are so darned afraid of doing wrong they make everybody around them uncomfortable, going to the other extreme. It is the same inspector who points out

This conversation is overheard between a returned voyager and a friend, while they wait their turn.

"Yes, it's my second time over. Thank Heaven it'll be my last! I went before because I was tired of death of hearing people swap their European experiences and I wanted to be in the picture, so I left a comfortable home and spent a miserable



THE ANXIOUS EXPRESSION.

summer, don't sighs, so that I could say: 'Yes, the Washington Monument is no doubt steep, but when you want atmosphere you should visit Napoleon's tomb.' What happened? The whole layout simply said, 'Oh, but you've been over only once; you can't see anything the first time.' So, having made a martyr of myself, in the beginning of conventionality, I did it again; but it's the last time."

He opens, as he speaks, his steamer trunk



THE BACHELOR TRUNK.

and the feminine eavesdropper does not need to be told that the speaker lives at a club. These bachelor trunks! There is always one shoe on top, check by jowl with a soiled collar. In the northeast corner a pair of rose pink or sky blue pajamas is negligently rolled. Old socks are rolled together with a praiseworthy attempt at



"WAY UP IN G."

neatness, a paper backed novel is thrown in the middle and the odor of stale tobacco permeates all.

One bachelor, whose nationality is certainly not Anglo-Saxon, is on his knees before his steamer trunk, thrusting his hand into a far corner with a gesture as if he knew exactly where to find what he wanted. The something turns out to be a letter and the owner is lost to his surroundings as he rereads it. The crowds pass him and look, some sympathetically, some laughingly, all understandingly. An inspector approaches, thrusts a negligent hand into the debris and pastes a label on the outside while he still reads on.

A little way from him another picture impresses itself. There a young and pretty girl with red hair is holding a big straw basket and gazing into the face of a young inspector. Finally she opens it hurriedly and the inspector, who has apparently determined that her attention shall not blind him, pokes his face into the aperture to have it met by the nose of a small Pomeranian dog.

Side by side with one of the bachelor

trunk has been placed the trunk of a fairly dressed woman. Five trunks are lifted out one after another, each examined in white tissue paper and across with right drawn back of elbows. Within the one, however, every article of dress and toilet has its own special wrapping of tissue and ribbon, and the inspector, with the look of an interloper, thrusts a reluctant thumb through the outer tissue, and hastily holding a label, bows himself away.

The trunk of the bride cannot fail to add to the attraction she herself attracts. Placed

and fastenings are enclosed in separate packages on either side of the hanging skirt, the whole giving the appearance of a wardrobe in a process of unpacking. The bride is surrounded by the curious onlookers as she unfolds the different articles and others gaze at the pretty bride and, who never get tired of her, as if they were hypnotized. "They didn't get tired of her, did they?"

Not only personal but may be read by these waiting trunks. For at a glance one can tell the larger portion of nationality. The American trunk has its distinctive features, just as the French, the English, the Canadian, according to the dress of a family, are all in infancy in trunk

In Europe the weight of the luggage is a very considerable item to be strictly and their trunks are covered with greater respect than ours. There are big, heavy trunks of iron and steel, difficult to handle and weigh in appearance. The French trunk is another more compact and as a general thing, very ornate, marked with their bright red and stamped leather.

The English, as well as the French, travel with many small pieces of luggage instead of one huge trunk. They have handbags, bookbags, hampers, and so on, and place them on the top and bottom of the trunk, so that they are not so easily

The passenger inspector can stand anything but the portable bathtub that the British insist upon. "That's all," he confesses in an aside, "that when the British officers went to the South African war they took bathtubs even there, but they didn't bring them back. Forged about them as they say, 'Fancy!'"

From an unpropitious point of view the examination looks like a huge, badly played farce. The man who is in charge could not struggle under existing laws is too complicated to be taken into account. The ordinary inspection consists of thrusting a hand into a corner, perhaps a second thrust, rarely a third, and no question asked, except when declaration of dutiable goods has been made.

It is not, however, designed so those say who know, to make a thorough search, only to restrain the travelers with a show



THE BRIDAL TRUNK.

and, the cover, hinged midway, falls over, exposing Paris made gowns each on its separate hanger and hung on a wire arrangement which pulls out until it looks like an extended accordion. All the frills

of authority and an appeal to their honor. To attempt to search every trunk carefully would take at least an hour and sometimes more for each piece, and the proper examination of the luggage on a single steamer would be a month's work.

gage had been examined and the wharf was practically clear of all except the inspectors' detained trunks, a few other officials and some stragglers.

Before the vessel swings into the dock the baggage is all on deck, and the moment the quiver along the sides of wood and steel announces the end of the voyage a gang of men run on board, and actually before the last patron of the ship has stepped on shore the hundreds of bags, boxes, trunks, hampers and other paraphernalia are all on the wharf in long lines, with broad pathways for passage between. The inspectors are ready for their work, succeeding that of the declaration officers, who board the steamer at Quarantine.

Along the pier huge black letters mark the divisions for the baggage. If the passenger belongs to the far famed family of Smith and has taken care that his bag-

days of September and the first of October are the halcyon times for landing.

At the desk, placed midway on the wharf, passengers exchange the permits given when the declarations are made out for the pieces of paper which entitle them to the services of an official, and as each inspector finishes his examination he pastes a printed label on the piece of baggage, which has to be shown before it can be removed from the wharf.

There are pessimists who believe that if, like Diogenes, they sought an honest man, the lantern would find to pieces before the search was triumphantly completed. It is a pity that these wrongheaded persons could not have overheard a conversation which took place on the dock.

An inspector, with the automatic air of his class, points to a declaration belonging to a guilty looking person who confronts

NIAGARA DAM BUILT ON LAND.

AT PRESENT IT IS A SQUARE TOWER 70 FEET HIGH.

But at the Right Moment It Is to Be Tipped Over Into the Torrent Near the Edge of the Cataract—Intended to Increase the Canadian Town's Water Supply.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., Oct. 14.—A novelty in the way of a dam is being built on the Canadian side of the two great free parks at Niagara, the power companies on both sides of the river, as well as the representatives of many industries, have protested against damming the Niagara near Buffalo, but this dam of novel construction is being built within 600 feet of the brink of the Horseshoe or Canadian Fall.

Its construction and form are just as remarkable as its location. From time to time the City of Niagara Falls, Ont., and the Niagara Falls Park and River Railway, which get their water supply from a joint intake on the upper Niagara in Victoria Park, have made complaint to the park commissioners that the water levels at the intake had been lowered by works of construction for power development. While the park commissioners did not feel that the complainants had fully proved their case, it was decided to grant a measure of relief, and for this reason they consulted Isham Randolph, consulting engineer of the Chicago Drainage Canal, to see what could be done.

Engineer Randolph advocated the construction of a dam to raise the water levels in the intake, and when he planned how this was to be done in the swift current he advised the commissioners to erect a concrete column on the river bank and then tip it over into the river, so that it would serve as a dam.

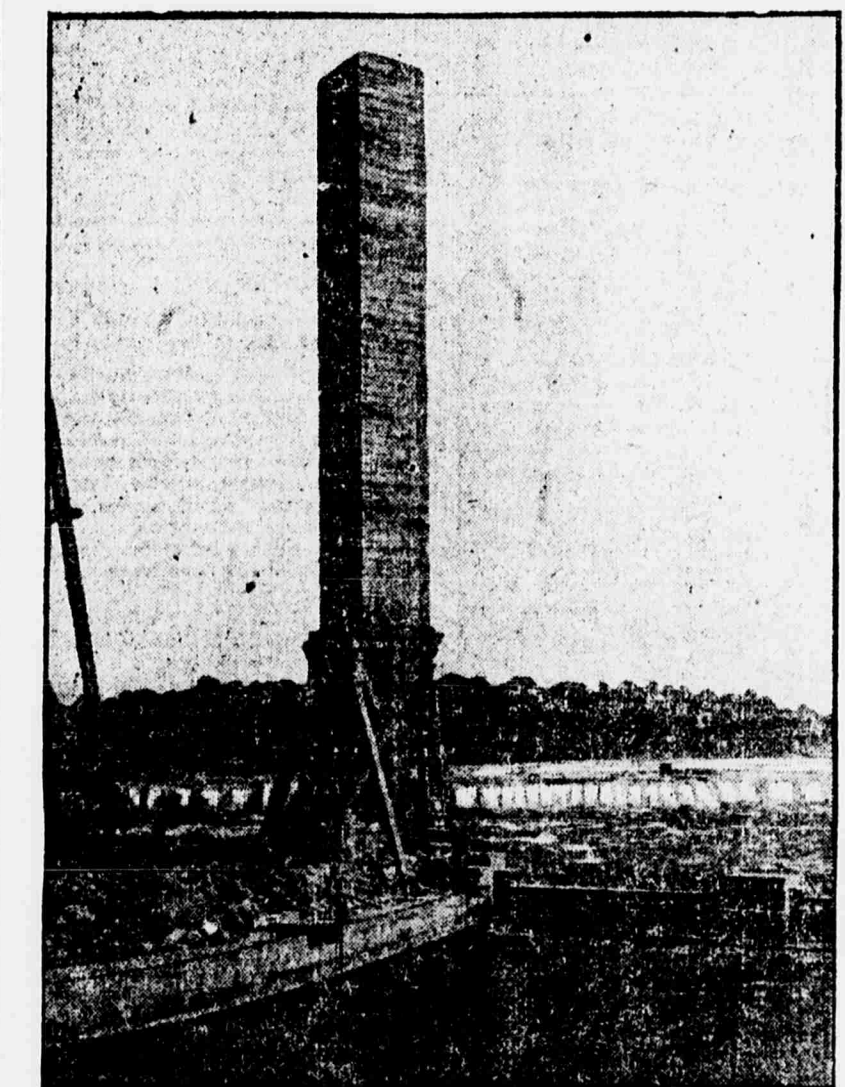
It seemed a strange way to accomplish the desired result, but the park commissioners went about the work, and to-day there is a concrete column standing close by the brink of the Horseshoe Fall drying out, preparatory to being tipped over into the torrent that plunges toward and over the Canadian Fall of Niagara.

In height this column is 60 feet. It stands on a trestle 20 feet above the ground level, so that from the ground to the top of the column it is 70 feet.

The column is 7 feet 4 inches square. It is built of concrete made of one part of cement, three parts of sand and five parts of stone. About every eight feet in its height a wooden wedge is inserted and extends nearly to the center, each wedge being

two inches thick on the outside and tapering to about six inches. The purpose of these wedges is to break the shaft into six pieces when it falls.

While the column will be thus broken, the pieces will not be allowed to roll around



DAM AT NIAGARA BUILT IN THE FORM OF A TOWER AND TO BE TIPPED OVER INTO POSITION IN THE TORRENT.

with the current and be swept over the Horseshoe, for running from top to bottom through the center there is a chain that weighs about 800 pounds, and this will hold the various parts intact. When it is prostrate, the column will be

twenty inches higher than the ground level, and an opening will be left between the end of the dam and the edge of the river in order that any ice which may be floated down stream in front of the intake may be carried away.

UGLY HOMES AND BAD MORALS.

FURNITURE AS A CAUSE OF SHATTERED NERVES.

Mrs. Curtis Explains Her Theory of the Effect of the Arrangement of a Room Upon Its Inmates and Gives a Practical Demonstration in Support of It.

"Inartistic homes ruin our manners and morals and wreck our nervous systems," said Mrs. Robert Nelson Curtis, who is earning her living by teaching people how to make their homes beautiful. "Fussy, nervous looking rooms make gloomy people, and vulgar rooms make vulgar people."

"It used to be in my copybook that 'evil associations corrupt good manners,' but I maintain that, primarily, it is evil surroundings that corrupt good manners. In his essay 'On Going to Church' Bernard Shaw says that all the vulgarity, savagery and bad blood that have marred his literary work were laid upon him in the ugly church where he was forced to sit and listen to sermons when he was a boy. The letters and autobiographies of great men are full of such confessions. If we only knew it, I am thoroughly convinced that half the people who are suffering similarly from bad blood, vulgarity and savagery are doing it from a similar cause."

"Pieces of furniture are like people. They have separate and distinct character, individuality and atmosphere of their own. Some have a dignity and nobility that radiate dignified and noble influences to the people about them. Some have a gloom and savagery that spread a pall of gloom and savagery over everybody who comes within their reach."

"Probably the very worst influences, however, are imposed by our heterogeneously furnished homes. Take, for instance, a room in an average flat, a room crowded full of pieces of furniture, each one suggesting a different idea."

"Every article pulls upon the mind in a different way and in a different direction. You are restless, uneasy. You cannot sit still."

"It does not seem a great deal to ask that every room, every house, should have an idea of its basis, and yet there is hardly a house I go into that appears to have been founded on anything but chance. The rooms are jumbled full of all sorts of things, some of which have no meaning or significance in themselves and no meaning or significance with reference to each other."

"In nine cases out of ten the first thing I want to do when I go into a room is to take everything out of it. In many houses where I have suggested the sacrifice to

taste of some elaborately inappropriate object and been met with the information that its possessor's husband had paid hundreds of dollars for it in Paris, I have not hesitated to inquire whether the mistress of the house intended to destroy the harmony of her rooms because her husband happened to buy something expensive."

"I have worked out the theory that it is not enough that people should have grown out of their indiscriminate grouping of unrelated objects into the acceptance of some such general rule as that American Colonial and French Renaissance and mission and Chippendale furniture do not go in the same room. It is just as dangerous to assume that you have a beautiful room because you have all Heppelwhite, all Sheraton or all Japanese furnishings as to assume that you have a beautiful room because everything in it is expensive."

"There is no reason inherent in periods why the articles of furniture of different ages and nations cannot go together. It is only when these articles introduce conflicting lines, or what is worse, conflicting ideas, that they cease to be harmonious."

"Generally speaking, elaborate pieces of furniture are most dangerous because they are most aggressive to the eye and the most distracting to the mind. Come with me, and I will show you an example."

Mrs. Curtis led the way into the big parlor of the old Colonial house at Rye which she uses as a shop and showroom for the antique furniture she collects and applies to her missionary work. Just inside the door she swept her hand over the room with a comprehensive gesture and said to her visitor:

"Now, tell me what first attracts your eye."

"Oh," exclaimed the visitor instantly, "that French Louis XIV. affair. It's inevitable."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Curtis. "Nine persons out of ten see it before anything else. It is striking. It is interesting. It is even beautiful in its way. The carving is exquisite and the rosewood as fine as any I have ever seen. But—do you think it would wear well?"

"No," said the visitor turning away with a laugh, "I'm worrying about what I should do with it already. It is one of those pieces of furniture which would always look very fine if you could do something else with it."

"I know," said Mrs. Curtis. "A woman said the other day that it would be perfectly beautiful if it were only gilded. I agreed with her perfectly—and, oh, how I did wish that she would take it and gild it and get it out of my sight forever."

The visitor's eyes roved over the room, taking in Heppelwhite, Sheraton, Chippendale,

Empire, American Colonial and Renaissance articles of furniture, but returning time after time to a white wood mantel of simple lines and reserved design against the opposite wall.

"I see you like the mantel," said Mrs. Curtis.

"Do I?" asked the visitor. "Well, I believe I do. As a matter of fact, I know I do. For the last five minutes that mantel has been growing upon me and I didn't realize it. It has a marvelous charm. My eyes could rest upon it forever without its ever obtruding itself upon them. I could live in the room with that mantel."

"It was put in at the time the house was built, more than a hundred years ago, and many an architect and designer has copied since," said Mrs. Curtis. "There you have my illustration. The simple charm of this mantel has worn a hundred years. You were impatient with that French piece in five minutes."

"Now I say that a house full of elaborate objects of this kind produces a strain upon the nerves and brain. I maintain that the manufacturers and dealers who turn out and put upon the market cheap, gaudy pieces of furniture and force them upon the public are actual enemies of society."

"The conglomeration of aggressively ugly objects which people collect about them creates a restlessness and uneasiness which, if not actually sowing the seeds of Bernard Shaw's vulgarity, savagery and bad blood, produces nerves, irritability, bad manners and a hundred other evil effects."

CAT AND LITTLE CHICKS.

The Old Window Display of a Poultry Supply Dealer.

In the window of a downtown dealer in poultry supplies may be seen a young hen striped cat living in peace and harmony with a lively brood of fluffy little yellow chickens.

The cat curls itself up and dozes comfortably, quite undisturbed by the chickens and never offering to molest them, while the little chicks, quite fearless, walk over the cat's body and stand up on top of it and peck at it for grains of food that may have been thrown upon its coat by the quick moving feet of other chicks scratching for food in another quarter.

The display space in the window is divided in the middle by a length of wire netting running back from the grass. On one side are the cat and the little chicks, while on the other side of the wire netting is a lot of larger, half grown chickens. When the cat, in its compartment, walks along by the dividing wire fence in the window the half grown chickens on the other side run along; they are afraid of the cat, but the little chicks in the same compartment with it have no fear of it whatever.

IN THE CASE OF FLATS, PLUNGE

WISDOM OF PAYING MORE RENT THAN YOU CAN AFFORD.

An Excellent Plan, Says a Woman Real Estate Agent—Scheme by Which You Can Sometimes Live Rent Free in a Central Location in New York.

To take a more expensive flat than you can afford does not sound like a wise business move, but if the advice of a woman real estate agent is to be believed it is an excellent plan to plunge a bit in the matter of rent.

"If a flat is well furnished and in an accessible neighborhood there will in my opinion always be a demand for it at an advanced rent, and by subletting it for a part of the season its net cost may be greatly reduced. This woman rents many furnished apartments every year."

"I have regular clients," she said, "for whom I rent apartments every summer. Sometimes they go away in February and remain until October. Others go only for the summer."

"There are half a dozen apartments on my books that I have rented for the past four years. The families still have their furniture in them and either travel or board. Of course their furniture is being used. But having it repaired occasionally does not cost as much as paying storage. Besides, they are well paid for the use of it."

"The demand for furnished apartments comes always from persons who want to be in accessible neighborhoods. Such persons rarely want to go far away from the heart of the city. So those who want to make money out of renting an apartment must take one that is easy to get at."

"Such flats are, of course, more expensive than the others, but they are the easiest to rent. An apartment costing from \$1,200 to \$1,800 unrented is much easier to get rid of than one that rents for \$60."

"For a winter months I count on an advance of 100 per cent. If it is handsomely furnished I can sometimes get \$250 for a \$100 apartment during the winter months. But I usually count on \$200."

"During the summer it is not always possible to get so much. On a long rental of six or eight months that includes the summer I can count usually on 50 per cent. advance on rentals up to \$150. Over that amount it is difficult to get so much."

"So, by renting an apartment for six months of the year, as many New Yorkers now want to do, at twice the price paid for the other half of the year. To make money out of a flat one must furnish it completely, or at least attractively. But more important is it to get an apartment that is not too cheap and that is situated in an accessible, central location. The renters of furnished apartments don't want any other kind."